

The Triumphs of London,

For the Inauguration of the Right Honourable

Sir William Gore, Kt.

L O R D M A Y O R

O F T H E

City of L O N D O N.

C O N T A I N I N G

A Description of the PAGEANTS,
together with the Publick *Speeches*,
and the whole Solemnity of the
Day.

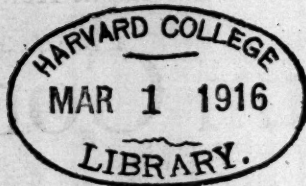
Performed on *Wednesday* the 29th of *October*, 1701.

*All set forth at the proper Cost and Charge of the Honour-
able Company of M E R C E R S.*

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To the Right Honourable

Sir William Gore, Kt.

Lord Mayor of the City of *London*.

My Lord,

YOUR *Lordship* makes Your Entry to the CHAIR with all that Universal Reception, being advanced to Your *Prætorian Dignity* with that United Harmony in the Publick Suffrages of Your Electors, both from the Voice of the *Comman Hall* as well as *the Court of Aldermen*; so far from leaving the least Shadow of Disgust to any Party whatsoever, that even Your very Competitors must join in the general Congratulation of Your *Lordship's* happy Accession to the Command of this Honourable CITY.

And indeed never did a Publick Magistrate bring more Personal Recommendations to so exalted a Station than Your *Lordship*. For as the best publick Zeal deserves the Highest Trust; so nothing has been more conspicuous than Your *Lordship's* most signal Devotion to the present *Administration*; when with so frank an Openness both of Your Hand and Heart to the National Service, You have Your Self given Credit, in so immense a Sum, to the *Crown*
and

DEDICATION.

and the *Government*. As Your *Lordship* in the Height of so expensive a *War* could so generously contribute to the most Important *Sinews* of it, in so Loyal an Aid to the great Champion of *Europe's Liberty*; who cou'd more deservingly be chosen our *CÆSAR's* Metropolitan *Deputy*, and so near a Representative of that *MAJESTY*, whom Your *Lordship* has so strenuously assisted to support.

But to sum up all. 'Tis enough that His Majesty's Interest and Cause are Your particular Care. With Your unalterable Affection to both which, notwithstanding Your *Lordship's* present Advancement to this high *Honour* and *Authority*, the World must do You that Justice of ascribing Your *Lordship* a yet more shining and more lasting *Glory*, viz. That Your natural Ambition is greater to Serve than to Command.

And as these are the Qualifications that introduce You to so Eminent a Post of Trust, 'tis from such celebrated **WORTH** and **VIRTUE** I have the Honour of laying this dutiful Address at Your *Lordship's* Feet, being

My Lord,

Your *Lordship's*

Most devoted Servant,

E. SETTLE

TO THE
Honorable Company
 OF
M E R C E R S.

Gentlemen,

AS You precede the whole City in Honour, so You lead in Magnificence. The Expence and Glory of one single Virgin-Chariot of the Honourable Company of **M E R C E R S** far exceeding the whole Charge and Grandeur of any common Entertainment from other Foundations, on the like publick Occasion. But this Costly Piece of State, so peculiarly Your own, is in a high measure owing to the Generous Veins that chiefly compose Your Society; a Society that more prides it self in **D E S E R T** than Crowds; whilst with a particular Caution, rarely practised in any publick City-Roofs but Your own, You carefully avoid the miscellaneous Conflux of all manner of Professions that generally form the other Companies; and more honourably keep up the Quality of Your Members to their Title; whilst the **M E R C E R** and the **M E R C H A N T**, those most Eminent Figures in Commerce and Trade, make up the chief Body of Your Constitution. With this Distinguishing Character in the Founders of the present Rich Feast, whatever Admiration the Beauty and Splendor of this Magnificent Treat may attract; the Furnishing of it, from such Hands, is the least part of the publick Wonder.

But, alas, the short Triumph of a Day is the least of Your Honour. You have raised Your Selves more lasting Monuments to aggrandize the Renown of the **M E R C E R S**: Witness not only Your several Foundations of Charity but of Literature too. The famous School of St. Pauls is a Pile that sufficiently records Your Praise. Nor does that Munificent Nursery of Infant-Students only resound Your Fame. A **M E R C E R S C H A P P E L** is a generous Alma Mater even to that Riper Race of Learned Heads, viz. in these numerous Ecclesiastical Donations all in Your own Disposal; that even Piety and Religion come Suppliants to Your Gates, whilst no less than the **C H U R C H** it self stands a Debtor to Your Bounty and Patronage.

If such more exalted Sons of Learning bend a Knee before You, 'tis no little Pride to my humbler Muse, that I receive the Honour of subscribing my Self,

G E N T L E M E N,

Your most obedient Servant,

E. S.

T H E
Order of the Morning Proceſſion.

TH E Company ordered to attend his Lordſhip meet about Eight in the Morning at *Mercers-Hall, viz.*

1. The Maſter, Wardens and Aſſiſtants in their Gowns faced with Foyns, with their Hoods.
2. The Livery with their Gowns and Hoods.
3. The Rich Batchelors in Gowns with Crimſon Satin Hoods.
4. Twenty Gentlemen Uſhers in Velvet Coats, each with a Chain of Gold about his Shoulders, and in his Right Hand a White Staff.
5. Several Gentlemen and others for bearing Standards with Scarfs about their Shoulders of the Company's Colours..
6. The Trumpets appointed for the Day ; the Serjeant - Trumpet with a Scarf of his Lordſhip's Colours about his Waift and a Leading-Staff.
7. Divers Drums and Fifes, with Scarfs of the Colours of the Company.
8. The Two City-Marſhals on Horſeback, and fix Servants attending them with Scarfs and Colours, &c.
9. The Foot-Marſhals.
10. The Maſter of Defence with Scarfs and Colours, &c. of the ſame, with Attendants of the ſame Science.
11. Sixty Penſioners in Red Gowns, White Sleeves, a Red Cap lined with White, each bearing a Javelin in one Hand and a Target in the other, wherein are painted the Arms of the firſt Founder and Banefactors of the Company.

The Foot-Marſhals rank 'em out Two by Two, with an Aſſiſtant appointed for that purpoſe, beginning with the Penſioners in Gowns with the Company's Enſigns, four Drums and a Fife in their Front, the Foot-Marſhals leading, &c. After the Penſioners fall in ſeveral Banners and Standards and fix Trumpets, after them the Arms of the Honourable Company ; then the Gentlemen-Uſhers ; the whole Body of the Rich Batchelors march next ; in their Reer the City-Trumpets, and the Lord-Mayors and the City's Bannors. After them the Livery, beginning by Juniority ; then the Court of Aſſiſtants ; in the Reer of whom follow the Serjeant-Trumpet, with the King's Trumpets and Kettle-Drums ; after them the Gentlemen bearing Banners, attended by Uſhers and Pages ; the Maſter and Wardens bring up the Reer.

In

In this Order they march from *Guild-Hall*, his Lordship being accompanied from thence by the old Lord Mayor, whence the whole Company move through *Cheap-side* to *Three-Crane-Wharf*, where the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Livery, and part of the Gentlemen Ushers, take their Barge for *Westminster*, whither his Lordship is attended, with the several Barges of the respective Companies, with Flags, Streamers, several Pleasure-Boats, with Hautboys, Flutes, Trumpets, and all manner of Musick, &c.

His Lordship having taken the Oaths before the Barons of the Exchequer, returns with the same Attendants and Splendor to *Dorset-stairs*, where, at his Landing, he is saluted by the Artillery-Company, in all their Martial Ornaments in Buff and Silver Head-pieces; and thus, with the whole Cavalcade, moves forward towards *Cheap-side*. In his March, he is first entertained with this Pageant.

The First PAGEANT.

The Maiden Chariot.

THIS Pageant is a Triumphant open Chariot, of a *Roman* Form, most truly Magnificent, being 22 Foot high; the whole Chariot and also the Wheels are entirely made of Embosst Work all of Silver. The Imperial Canopy over the Throne of the Chariot is supported by two Carved Angels, as big as the Life, of Silver; the Canopy being most sumptuously enrich'd with Angels, Cherubims, &c. On this Throne sits a Majestick Figure representing a *Royal Virgin*; in her Right Hand a Royal Scepter, in her Left a Target of the Company's Arms. The *Virgin* being the Arms of the most Ancient and First Company of the City, the Honourable *MERCERS*, constituted in the Reign of King *Richard II.* The Person representing this Figure is a young beautiful Gentlewoman, of good Parentage, Religious Education and Unblemisht Reputation, selected and chosen by a Committee for the Occasion. Her Habit is made of Rich white Satin, adorn'd with Fringes of Gold, and enrich'd with Lockets of Diamonds and all manner of Jewels. On her Head (her Hair dishevel'd) she wears a Spiral Coronet of Gold, richly set with Jewels. From her Shoulders hangs a long Robe of the richest Crimson Velvet, &c. lined with white Satin. Beneath this principal Figure, on a small Descent below her, are placed her two chief Ladies of Honour, representing *Truth* and *Mercy*; both very richly drest suitable to the Characters they represent. In the Lower Body of the Chariot are seated two Trumpeters and a Kettle-Drum in rich Liveries. The Charioteer wears a rich Livery of the Company's Colours. The Chariot is drawn by Nine white Horses, three in a Range, their Trappings, Harness and Furniture all of Gold, and a rich white Plume of Feathers on each Horses-Head; their Manes and Tails adorned with Ribbons

bons of the Company's Colours. Upon these Horses ride Nine Figures, all properly drest, Four representing the Four Quarters of the World, and the other Five the Retinue of *Fame*, each with a Silver Trumpet, and all sounding through the whole Cavalcade. Eight Pages of Honour attend the Chariot drest in white Satin Doublets and Trunk Breeches, with Crimson Satin Bonnets and white Plumes of Feathers; their Garniture, Ribbons of the Company's Colours, Pearl Silk-Stockings, &c. Six Persons more lead the six Out-Horses. Twenty Lictors with Silver Helmets, Fasces and Axes, march before the Chariot, and Forty more inferior Attendants make way and sweep before it. The Lustre and Grandeur of the whole being yet farther heighten'd by Plumes, Banners, Targets, Streamers, &c. After his Lordship's full View of this Noble Chariot, the Second Pageant that salutes him, is,

The Second PAGEANT,

The Rock of Neptune.

AN Artificial Rock curiously adorned with variety of Shells, Corals and Pearls, representing the Imperial Seat of the God of the Ocean. *Neptune* sits exalted on a Rustick Throne enrich'd with Mother of Pearl, in a green Robe trimmed with Silver, with a Trident in his Hand. Four Tritons in proper Dresses attend upon *Neptune*, placed on the advanced part of the Rock, with Sea-Shells in their Mouths. On the four Corners of the Stage are placed four Rivers, viz. *Thames*, *Danube*, *Rhine* and *Tybur*, &c. Banners, Streamers, &c. *Neptune* thus salutes his Lordship.

Neptune, Jove's Brother, shar'd his World's proud Throne,
 Once half the Globe, the Watry Realms, my own :
 Now from the Zenith of my Power declin'd,
 To the Great Albion CÆSAR I've resign'd :
 His Floating Castles Lord it o'er my Throne,
 And all my Tritons sound that Name alone.
 Thus, whilst Britannia, charm'd with Joys Divine,
 To see the LYON and the EAGLE join.
 Now, from His Foreign finish'd Counsels, calls
 Great Europe's Guardian back to her own Walls,
 My Self the Leader of his Vassal-Train,
 All proud to waft him o'er the British Main ;

My

*My Royal Charge safe to his Ecchoing Shore :
Hither I come to pay one Homage more.*

*I see Great CÆSAR's Brightest Image here,
The Regent LORD in fair Augusta's Sphere.
Nor do the Floating Walls from your own Port,
Add a less Lustre to my Neptune's Court.
From your own Thames are those rich Sails unfurl'd,
The Sun's fair Fellow-travellers round the World.
Thus INDUSTRY swells her proud Canvas-Wings,
And to your City-hive her Load she brings :
Nor does she fetch from Tagus, India, Greece,
The Jason's only, but the MERCER's Fleece ;
The wond'rous Web from that small Insect's Womb,
That decks the Throne, and does the Monarch plume.*

*What though Great NASSAU's Martial Naval Host
In their tall Bulks Jove's keener Bolts may boast ?
Your humbler Barks a richer Cargo hold :
They only bear the Thunder ; Yours the GOLD.*

The Third PAGEANT, Mercury's Temple.

A Magnificent Fabrick is rais'd on four *Corinthian* Columns, with Bases and Capitals of Gold ; over all is a Dome enrich'd with Ornaments of Silver. At each corner are four Pyramids with the Escutcheons of the worthy Donors and Benefactors. Within this Temple are seated *Mercury*, with three other Attendants, representing Industry, Vigilance and Labour, as being the chief Ministers of Wit for the accomplishing of all Arts. At the Four Corners are placed Four more Figures hieroglyphically describing the Four Elements, *Fire, Water, Earth and Air*, intimating the Universal Region, from whence Wit and Industry collect both their Learning and Riches. His Lordship is thus Address'd by *Mercury*.

C

I the

I The wing'd Mercury, Renown'd so high,
 Of Wit and Arts the long-fam'd Deity,
 Call'd to Your Lordship my just Rights to pay,
 Must bear a part in this Triumphant Day.
 The MERCER and the MERCHANT, each a Name
 That justly fills my loudest Trump of Fame.
 Let Schoolmen in their Academies sit,
 And fancy their Learn'd Heads claim all the Wit.
 All vain Mistake. Search where true Learning lies :
 The MERCHANT is the Witty and the Wise.
 Philosophers, who Nature's Depths explore,
 Seek but for Airy Treasure ; They, no more
 But view the Mines. The MERCHANT digs the Oar.
 Let Book-learn'd Heads survey the Golden Strand,
 Like cold Platonick Suitors distant stand.
 To warmer Joys does the brisk MERCHANT press ;
 They but read Worlds, He pushes to possess.
 By my fair Arts does even your Lordship rise,
 Augusta's Noblest Sons, all Mercuries.
 My Wit, my Arts, my active Genius meet,
 My Caduce in their Hands, Wings on their Feet,
 Their spreading Commerce round the Ocean flies :
 They range the Globe, as I Post round the Skies.
 But hold——Why do I boast my Pow'r in vain,
 When All-commanding BEAUTY fills Your Train !
 Our Virgin-Queen's bright Charms so dazzling shine,
 That my poor Temple's but a Rural Shrine.
 Nay my whole Godhead must pay Homage there,
 For Wit, is but a Vassal to the FAIR.

Here

Here his Lordship moves forward to *Guild-hall* to Dinner, where he receives the Honour of Entertaining the Lords of the Council, and the Chief of the Nobility; whilst a separate Table is prepared for the VIRGIN, who Dines with all the Grandeur of the Royal Character she represents, attended by her Ladies, Pages, and all the rest of her Retinue, who wait at her Table: The whole Magnificence of which splendid Entertainment concludes the Solemnity of the Day.

T O T H E

Rich Batchelors.

DOes fair *Augusta* with a Pride survey
 The dazzling Lustre of this solemn Day!
 Does that Rich Feast her awful PRÆTOR treat?
 Does *Glory* shine, and pond'rous *Triumph* sweat?
 The smiling *Genii* which the *Muse* inspire,
 Tis YOU that strew the *Palm*, and string the *Lyre*.
 The furnish'd *Jubilee* is Yours alone,
 The whole Illustrious *Cavalcade* Your own.

Let the more Aged HEADS, in *Consult* sate,
 The Weight of their more Grave Affairs debate:
 Yours is the gay *Magnificence* and *State*.
 Justly that Helm they to your Charge resign:
 Tis sprightly Hands should flow'ry Garlands twine.
 Twas so of Old. The Noble YOUTH of *Rome*,
 In all their costliest Pomp, and gaudiest Plume,

Join'd

Join'd with the *Virgin-Choir* that tun'd the Song,
 Whilst the *Triumphant Chariot* troll'd along.
 Thus they their *Roman Lawrel'd Conquerors* met.
 The *Fair* and *Young* make *Triumphs* for the *Great*.

Whilst thus we see Your MAIDEN-CHARIOT move;
 And the Exalted FAIR enthron'd above:
 That Pile of HONOUR at this splendid View,
 Worthy the Generous *Founders*, worthy YOU;
 Here does the *Virgin Majesty* fit Crown'd,
 Whilst gazing Wonder waits her all around!
 Do her bright *Charms* that specious *Sphere* command,
 Whilst her wing'd *Cupids*, from so fair a stand,
 With an unerring Blow her pointed Darts
 Shoot through Admiring Eyes to firing Hearts!
 Do vanquisht Captives on her *Triumph* wait?
 Tis You that mount her to her Orb of Fate.

F I N I S.